

RECENT DEATHS.

Tienery.

Mrs. Michael Tierney, formerly of this town, died suddenly at her home in Barre Thursday night, of paralysis of the heart, aged 41. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Leonard, of this town, and was married here 22 years ago. About 18 years ago they went to Barre and have since resided there. She is survived by her husband, who is a brother of Thomas Tierney of this place, two sons and three daughters, her parents and three brothers. She was a woman highly esteemed by all who knew her, and the sincere sympathy of many St. Johnsbury friends will be extended to the bereaved family. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard attended the funeral at Barre Saturday and the remains were brought here in the afternoon for burial, accompanied by a large party of relatives and friends among whom were: Mr. Tierney and daughter Isabel and sons, Henry and Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. John Nelson, Michael Nelson, Michael Brown, Anthony Carroll, Antoine Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Brown, John Tierney, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bonette, Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, Sr., Mrs. Williams, Patrick Keough, Norris Amell and James Brown, of Barre, Mrs. P. J. Tierney of Holyoke, Mass., and Mrs. W. J. Bray of Hartford, Conn.

Burbank.

Mrs. Sarah Wilson Burbank, wife of the late Henry Burbank, died at the home of her son-in-law, F. F. Carrick, Monday evening, from the effects of an apoplectic shock. About three weeks ago she went to Danville to visit her sister, and soon after her return was stricken down and failed gradually until the end. Mrs. Burbank was born in Cabot in 1830, and was married to Mr. Burbank, Jan. 13, 1850. He died in December, 1900. She was one of a large family of children of which Mrs. Flora Wilson, of Danville, is now the only survivor. She was almost a lifelong resident of Danville and Walden, coming here about 15 years ago to live with her daughter. Since Mrs. Carrick's death in 1898, Mrs. Burbank has been tenderly cared for by her granddaughters. The funeral will be held at the house this afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. M. Frost, of whose church she was a member, officiating. The burial will be in Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

Ladd.

Mrs. Rebecca Powers Ladd, wife of the late John Ladd, died at her home Friday. She had been in very feeble health for several years. Mrs. Ladd was born Nov. 3, 1827, and her long life here gave her a wide acquaintance among the older residents of this vicinity, by whom she was highly regarded. She leaves one son, Lafayette J. Ladd who lived with her, two sisters, Mrs. C. J. Trefan, of Burke, and Mrs. W. S. Mastin, of Ludlowville, and one brother, Jason W. Powers, of this place. The funeral was held at her late home Sunday afternoon, Rev. A. Francis Walsh of the Church of the Messiah, officiating.

Union Missionary Meeting.

The fourth in the series of meetings for the study of missions, conducted by the united missionary societies of the different churches will be held at St. Andrew's church Friday, July 11, at 4 o'clock. All women are cordially invited. The general subject is "Bernard to Luther," Chapter IV of Via Christi. Papers and short talks will be given on the great events and famous persons of this period as follows:

The Crusades, Miss Hall.
St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Miss Stone.
St. Francis of Assisi, Mrs. W. P. Smith.
Raymond Lull, Miss Alice Clark.
Monastic Orders, Mrs. R. L. Dunston.
The Dawn of the Reformation, John Wycliffe, Mrs. J. B. Braley.
John Huss, Miss Alvord.
Savonarola, Mrs. Henry French.
Thomas Aquinas, Miss Peabody.
Thomas à Kempis, Miss Robie.
What 15 centuries has done for Christianity, China and India, Mrs. Robert Simonds.
England and Europe, Miss Gilpatrick.
Africa, Mrs. Myron Smith.
Church Architecture, Miss Sinclair.

Lyndonville Campmeeting.

The directors of the above association met on the grounds July 2, and matured plans for the annual meeting, August 18-25. A strong advisory committee was associated with the presiding elder, to arrange the program and details of the gathering. The committee are Rev. J. M. Frost, of St. Johnsbury, and Rev. A. J. Hough, of Groton. All the provisions for the meeting are in the hands of competent committees, and the prospect is more encouraging than for several years.

The railroad continues its interest in the scheme, and has been removing some metacres trees, converting the same into fuel. The grounds are being mowed, two cottages at least have been repaired, and new thrift and life are manifested. A new and larger awning is to be put in place and the seating repaired.

The Lyndonville league again bids for the catering and boarding, and this is a strong pledge that this important feature will be well attended to. Telephone service is promised if desired, and everything looks to a stronger meeting than for many years.

Presiding Elder's Appointments.

Presiding Elder Sherburne, of the St. Johnsbury district, has issued a folder outlining his work for the second quarter of the year, and giving the district appointments. Mr. Sherburne's Sunday appointments are as follows: July 27, Barton Landing and Evansville; August 3rd, Barre and Williamstown; 10th, St. Johnsbury Center and Lyndon; 17th, West Burke and Lyndonville; 24th, Camp Meeting; 31st, North Danville; Sept. 7th, Walden and South Walden; 14th, Hardwick and Woodbury; 21st, Newport and Coventry; 28th, Cabot and Danville; Oct. 5th, Newbury; 12th, Island Pond and Charlestown; 19th, Glover and Barton.

Fifty-first Wedding Anniversary.

The 51st wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Elie Brunelle, who, since 1874, have been residents of this place, was fittingly celebrated Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Brunelle were married at Stanfield, Que., by Rev. Father Racine, afterwards bishop of Sherbrooke, and a pretty feature of the anniversary was a rehearsal of that happy event by Rev. Father Marceau, accompanied by a celebration of high mass at Notre Dame church. At two-thirty p. m. a bountiful dinner was served at Joseph Brunelle's on Pearl street where the venerable couple reside. Twenty-nine sat down to the well loaded tables, all the children, several grandchildren and one great-grandchild being among the number. Father Marceau was master of the ceremonies and performed the duties most happily. The dining room was prettily decorated with evergreen and flowers, and above the place where Mr. and Mrs. Brunelle sat, a wreath of smiles and carnations was suspended. Edmond Brunelle read a congratulatory address from the grandchildren, Father Marceau and E. N. Brunelle made short addresses, and on behalf of the children, a tray containing a generous sum in gold was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Brunelle by their eldest son, Emphraze. The celebration closed with a reception and lawn party in the evening attended by a large company of neighbors and friends. The yard was lighted by Chinese lanterns and incandescent lights, and refreshments were served from tables on the lawn. Music was furnished by an orchestra and the event was a fitting close to a very happy occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Brunelle are in good health and took an active part in the festivities of the day and received hearty congratulations. Their sons and daughters, all of whom were present, are: Emphraze, of Westfield, Mass., who was accompanied by his wife; Mrs. Pierre Lacroix, of Providence, R. I.; Etienne, of Holyoke, Mass., and Mrs. Leon Pinard, Joseph and E. Napoleon Brunelle, of St. Johnsbury. Fifty-six descendants are now living.

Suspected Rumsellers in the Toils.

The police and Sheriff Sulloway have had a busy week with buyers and sellers of liquor. Quite a number celebrated the Fourth with firewater instead of fireworks and the following paid tribute to Judge Worcester's court: John Doin, \$11.10; George Jones, fourth offense, 100 days in the work house; John Cheney, \$11.10, Frank Johnson, \$11.10; William Johnson, \$11.10; George Leclair, third offense, \$26.10.

Theodore Lapoint was arrested by Sheriff Sulloway Thursday, charged with keeping with intent to sell. He was just leaving the express office with a box on his shoulder when the officers, who had been waiting for the opportunity, relieved him of his burden and made the arrest. He was released on bail and will be tried tomorrow. The police located another lot of liquor in a storehouse at Paddock Village but before it could be seized the owners removed it and left town.

Joe Winslow was arrested Thursday evening by Sheriff Sulloway, charged with selling, and his trial was held yesterday in police court, before Judge Worcester. Most of the afternoon yesterday was devoted to securing a jury and discussing points of law. The jury was made up of Sias Randall, E. B. Chase, H. A. Bartlett, C. Sherman Calderwood, H. I. Kidder and L. S. Jewett. The lawyers were Porter & Thompson for the state and H. B. Howe and H. A. Farnham for the defendant. Late last night a verdict of guilty of four first offenses was returned and Winslow was fined \$40.00 and costs.

A Lone Chinaman Robbed.

Our one solitary representative of the Celestial Empire, Sam Wah, the Eastern avenue laundryman, is not an enthusiastic admirer of the glorious Fourth as it was celebrated in St. Johnsbury, and indeed he has a right to be offended at his treatment on that occasion, for he was subjected to indignities that had the circumstances been exactly reversed, might have been grounds for an international incident of recognized importance.

Sam Wah is not a master of the English tongue, and his version of the story is not altogether intelligible. Nevertheless he can tell that something happened, and in an interview with a CALEDONIAN representative, he stated that, thinking to increase his profits somewhat, he added a stock of firecrackers, and the venture was a success until about 1 o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, when the front window of his laundry was broken by the use of sticks and stones, and thinking his life was in danger he retreated to the bank in the rear of the building and remained there for about three hours. When he returned he found that about \$15 in fireworks and \$20 which was in the money drawer had disappeared.

Who the thieves were Sam does not know, and although Sheriff Sulloway and the police have put in lots of hard work on the case and a great many clues have been followed no arrests have yet been made, but the matter is still in hand and the general wish prevails that the robbers may be brought to justice. Sam Wah has kept the bricks and stones which entered his shop and has a rather formidable array of missiles to show visitors.

Clever Cigar Advertising.

W. B. Eastman, who always has some unique window advertising, has a design this week representing a chimney and the bricks of the structure are boxes of cigars. At the top of the chimney is the placard, "It all goes up in smoke." The special brand of cigars advertised in this attractive way is the "Caledonian," a regular 10 cent cigar which is sold at this store for seven cents, or four for a quarter. This is a local brand which has been popular in the past and which Mr. Eastman is now handling.

ST. JOHNSBURY CENTER.

Rev. and Mrs. P. B. Fisk visited in Barton Landing and Greensboro last week. Mr. Fisk supplied the pulpit at the Congregational church last Sunday.

Mr. Dunlap preached at Westmore last Sunday in the absence of the regular pastor.

The Methodist mite society have arranged with Rev. H. W. Worthen to give a lecture Friday evening at the church. His subject will be "How to get Rich."

The Ladies' Aid and sewing circle meet with Mrs. Drew Thursday afternoon and the Willing Workers meet with Miss Winifred Drew the same afternoon.

Miss Augusta Brockway has been visiting friends at Newport for a few days. Miss Nina Zimmerman of Lancaster is visiting her brother and grandparents, Rev. and Mrs. P. B. Fisk.

George Moore moves to Claremont this week where he has steady employment.

H. S. Pierce and Miss Mary Ayer were married last Thursday by Rev. A. F. Walsh of St. Johnsbury. Their friends wish them much joy and happiness.

Work on the bridge abutments has been begun in earnest this week and a good force of men are at work.

Mrs. Jennie Ide Turner and son Charles from Paris, called on friends here Saturday.

Walter Robbins, Chris Palmer, Horace Ayer and their wives went to Joe's Pond for a day's outing last week.

Mrs. Tracy Willey, who had a paralytic shock a few weeks ago, is no better and the physicians give very little encouragement.

Mr. Dunlap expects to visit at his home at Concord, N. H., the last of the week.

Miss Jennie Gage from Lowell, Mass., is visiting at her brother's, Jesse Gage.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hallett from Waterford were entertained at George Hallett's last week.

Burns Harriman arrived home from Burlington last week.

Green peas are being put on the market this week, which is about a week later than last year on account of the cold and wet weather.

A very enjoyable lawn party was held in Mr. Menut's yard last week Tuesday evening.

Quietness is much better appreciated after a day of noise and celebration, although the boys were very considerate in their demonstrations on the Fourth. There was no drunkenness, rowdiness, or destruction of property which was a credit to the boys and to the village.

At Summerville.
Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Bond, of Adams, Mass., spent two days last week with his cousin, H. C. Bond.

J. R. Stiles has returned from Hartford, Conn., where he has spent most of the winter and spring.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McCrae are at Caspian Lake, Greensboro, where he is building a cottage.

Mrs. George H. Whiting and children are visiting friends in Lisbon, N. H.

William Bumpus has returned from a trip in Massachusetts.

Miss Mabel Robbins, of Springfield, Mass., is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cable.

Mrs. J. B. Mattocks, of Colorado Springs, is the guest of her brother, C. F. Weeks, and will remain in the east until about Sept. first. Her son, S. J. Mattocks of Boston, is spending a few days here.

Merrill E. Davidson has sold his team to I. B. Bernier.

Charles C. Locke stepped on a nail July 4, and has since taken an enforced vacation from his work in Lounge Bros. and Smythe's store.

Mrs. W. H. Carr has improved so much during the week that she is now considered out of danger. Her sister, Mrs. Othred, of Marleton, Que., visited her last week.

George A. Burbank visited his father at Danville, P. Q., last week.

Business at the Ely Hoe and Fork Co.'s factory is exceptionally good for this season of the year and the season as a whole has been a good one. About 65 men on an average have been employed.

East St. Johnsbury.
Mrs. M. C. Dodge, who has been spending a few weeks in this village, has gone to Lyndon to visit relatives.

Miss Minnie Farnham of Troy is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. W. S. Russell.

William Astle was taken violently ill Friday night as the result of eating ice cream, it is thought. He has recovered from the ill effects of the cream.

Miss Edith L. Stone of St. Johnsbury village has been visiting at H. M. Knapp's.

The boys started out as usual tonight before the Fourth to celebrate. While loading the cannon near the house of Mrs. Gates, Barton Groat appeared at the door and commenced throwing hard stoves at the boys. Willie Groat was hit on the head, making an ugly wound. He was taken to the home of Eugene Shastney and medical aid was at once summoned. Crofton is recovering. Groat left town on the night train.

While driving to the picnic grounds Friday morning George Stickney's horse was frightened by a fire cracker and suddenly turned, throwing Mr. Stickney violently to the ground. He was taken to the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. V. Severance, and a doctor at once summoned. It was found that his ribs were broken and he was injured about the head and shoulders. Mr. Stickney's injuries are very painful, but not of a dangerous nature.

John M. Burke, who made his fortune in the South American trade, celebrated his 90th birthday anniversary at New York, July 1, by announcing his donation of property valued at \$4,000,000 for the purpose of founding and endowing a convalescent home in or near the borough of Manhattan. Mr. Burke is a bachelor who lives alone in a retired way and has never been looked upon as one of the wealthy men of the metropolis.

Church Notes.

At the Church of the Messiah Sunday the pastor will preach on the topic, "The Next Step." This sermon will give some review of the meeting of the Young People's Christian Union, which is being held in Portland this week.

Quite a number from the Church of the Messiah left this morning on the early train for Portland, to attend the annual session of the National Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist church. The delegates from the local union are Rev. A. F. Walsh, Miss Laura A. Jenness and Miss Edna A. Scott.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Odd Fellows' block, Sunday morning service at 10.45. Subject, "Life." Sunday school following the morning service. Wednesday evening meeting at 7.30. The reading room is open on Wednesday and Thursday from 2 to 5.

The Ladies' Circle of the Church of the Messiah will meet with Mrs. W. M. Hovey, Portland street, Thursday afternoon at 2.30. All ladies of the church, whether members of circle or not, are cordially invited.

There will be no services at the First Baptist church next Sunday. All the services will be resumed on Sunday, July 20.

Our local Baptist Young People's Union will be represented at the annual international convention of the B. Y. P. U. of America, at Providence, R. I., July 10-13, by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Chaboudine, Misses Alice G. Clark, Isabelle Hurdison and Kate D. Peck.

At the Advent Christian church Sunday morning, the pastor will preach on "The last great conflict, in the light of prophetic." Evening service at 5 o'clock with brief review of the morning subject in connection with social meeting. Sunday school as usual.

The topic for the evening lecture next Sunday at the Grace Methodist church by Rev. J. M. Frost will be "The most precious thing in the world." These services are held in the audience room, with music by the male quartet.

The pastor of the Free Baptist church will preach three sermons upon the subjects, "The Courts of Conscience," "The Chambers of Imagination," and "The Halls of Memory." The first two of these will be given next Sunday morning and evening. There will be an important business meeting at the close of the prayer meeting this evening.

The topic for Sunday night's sermon at the South Church will be "St. Paul's Three Points of Honour."

Booker Washington's Lecture.

Mr. Washington came to St. Johnsbury all right last Wednesday night and was greeted by the largest audience that has ever gathered in Music Hall, many coming from surrounding towns to hear him. He was graciously introduced by Prof. Henry Fairbanks and gave one of the most eloquent and interesting addresses ever heard in St. Johnsbury. He was frequently interrupted by applause and anecdotes that were especially appropriate. The story of his life was simply and briefly told and special stress was laid upon how the work at Tuskegee, or which institution he is president, is solving the perplexing questions arising between the whites and blacks in the South. At the close of the lecture a number of people went to the front to greet the speaker and to grasp the hand of the man who is doing as much for the colored race as any man in America.

Harry Baxter Attempts Suicide.

Harry H. Baxter, who went from this place to Barre about two and a half years ago, attempted suicide there Sunday by shooting himself in the left breast. He is expected to recover. Despondency over money matters is said to be the cause of the act.

For Ingrowing Toe Nails.

By far worse than corns, the ingrowing toe nail makes life miserable for the man or woman, and no relief seems to come from paring the nail or in wadling it with cotton. To give instant relief to such pain a mixture used by the best physicians can be made as follows: Procure of the druggist one dram of muriatic acid and one dram of nitric acid and one ounce of chloride of zinc. Have these mixed thoroughly by the druggist or perform the operation yourself and apply one drop to the affected part once a day. It will not only give relief at once, but it will last all day.

The Orange in Spain.

It is considered a very healthful thing to eat an orange before breakfast. But who can eat an orange well? One must go to Spain to see that done. The senorita cuts off the rind with her silver knife, then, putting her fork into the peeled fruit, she detaches every morsel with her peary teeth and continues to eat the orange without losing a drop of the juice and lays down the core with the fork still in it.

Octopuses For Dinner.

Octopuses are pretty plentiful in Japanese waters and have been known to attack fishermen in their boats. When this hideous monster assumes the aggressive, the only chance the fishermen have is to lop off the tentacles of the beast. Failing this, the boat may be upset and the men dragged under. The octopus is highly valued in Japan as an article of food.

The Explanation.

Knox—I sat down in my easy chair last night and picked up that new novel of Scribner's and I didn't get to bed until 4 this morning.

Cox—The idea! Why, I thought it awfully tiresome.

Knox—Exactly! It was nearly 4 o'clock when I woke up in my chair.

Rivals.

"Why don't that romantic star and that emotional actress get a divorce if they can't become reconciled?"

"They have discussed the idea, but each is afraid the other might get the best of the advertisement.—Washington Star.

Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

"Carola," Aunt Sarah called, her voice acid, yet tense.

"Well!" Carola answered without looking up from her book.

"It's 10 o'clock—high time you were dressing," came back, the tone more acid than ever.

"Why, I thought you had set the wedding for 4 o'clock," Carola said, turning a leaf and not raising her eyes.

Aunt Sarah stamped her foot. "As if you didn't know what folks are!" she protested. "You know they'll begin piling in here around 12, or 1 at the latest. The last one of 'em is crazy to see what'll happen."

"How strange!" Carola commented, apparently to the book. Aunt Sarah darted through the door, caught the book, flung it across the room and clutched Carola's shoulder. Angry tears stood in her eyes, but still they snapped viciously. "You'll be the death of me yet!" she gasped out. "Lord, Lord, if I only had known what trouble you'd be I never would have had you here, never in this world!"

"You mean really that you brought me here so you could make trouble for both of us," Carola said, standing up and edging away from her aunt's grasp. "You know you would find heaven dull if you had not a grievance."

"Stop! I won't hear such sacrilege!" Aunt Sarah cried, shaking Carola hard. "I thought I knew what ingratitude was—after all I've done for you—but this caps the climax!"

"You have done—many things," Carola said, setting her teeth hard. "First you gave me a name I hate and shall hate till I die. You thought it sounded finer than the name of any other baby around. Right there you struck the keynote of everything. You are so tyrannically vain you want to show everybody how much better you can do everything. That is why you have pitched on Johnson Blakeley for my husband. Poor fool! I should be almost as sorry for him as for myself if he had not a man's strength and a man's capacity to run away. He does not really want me. Peggy McMann suits him ever and ever so much better. But you got him under your thumb before he left off roustabouts. He's worse afraid of you than death or the judgment, if he is six feet two and big as an ox!"

"Johnson loves me like a mother. He's good looking, as moral as—as a baby—and will have \$100,000 when his old uncle dies." Aunt Sarah broke in, her eyes snapping harder. "And any—yes, every—other girl around would jump at the chance of him, while you—"

"Have had to be locked up for two months to keep me from marrying somebody else," Carola supplemented as Aunt Sarah, otherwise Mrs. Wilson, paused for breath. "Johnson knows all about it," she ran on. "Nice, chivalrous Johnson, to want a wife who says to his face: 'I hate you. I agree to have the wedding day set only because I am tired of prison life.' If there was one grain of manliness in all his hulking height, he would not take me—he knows how helpless I am—with you for guardian and not a penny of my own."

"Yet you want to turn your back on a good husband and a rich one and throw yourself away on a beggarly lawyer who has never had a case since he hung out his shingle a year ago," Aunt Sarah snapped. Carola laughed a short, hard laugh.

Mrs. Wilson knew her neighbors. They did come piling in before the clock struck 1. Carola's love affairs had been the gossip of the countryside for six months past. Naturally there was edged expectation of some uncommon climax to what had been so strange. To the bucolic mind it was wholly unheard of that Johnson Blakeley had been cut out by a sprig of a lawyer with hardly a second coat to his back. The most part stanchly upheld Mrs. Wilson's strenuousness in keeping her niece from so throwing herself away. Still there were a few softer souls who shook the head, saying a girl, as you might say, driven in to double harness would be mighty apt before long to kick over the traces and small blame to her if she did.

Everybody wondered at the setting out of a wedding feast and calling in wedding guests. A simple marriage, with only legal witnesses, seemed to fit the case's complications better. A few understood, but wisely held their peace. The wedding was Mrs. Wilson's triumph. She would not forego showing to her world that in this her hardest battle she had prevailed. But even this wise few were something amazed at one thing—she had invited among the rest Jack Harrison, the lawyer lover whom two months earlier she had forbidden the place.

He would not come, of course, but by 3 o'clock everybody else was on hand, minister and bridegroom included. Aunt Sarah was for setting forward the wedding ceremony. There was not the least use in waiting an hour, with everything ready. That brought on a very pretty quarrel with Carola. "You'll come to the judgment on an hour ahead of time," she said to hurry St. Peter, and for once I mean to act the saint!"

Storming did no good. Carola was recklessly gay. She had grown very white, but her hands did not tremble as she put on her veil and set a knot of loose leafed white roses at the throat of her white frock. She did everything for herself, yet, oddly enough, made no objection to the presence of half a dozen young women, each of whom thrilled with unconscious envy of the bride. She even laughed outright when one of them peeped into the hall and said hushedly over her shoulder, "Oh, my, Johnson has got on a full dress suit and does look so handsome!"

"It's bad luck, laughin' in your wed-

din' frock. Don't you know that?" another demanded. Carola laughed again, a laugh both mocking and merry.

All things earthly end, even an hour of waiting upon an ungrateful bride's caprice. When the clock marked five minutes past 4, Carola stood exactly in the middle of the big square parlor, feeling herself the target of all eyes.

She looked taller, more slender, more wrathlike than ever. Though her hand lay on the bridegroom's, it was in surface only. She did not even steady herself by the mass of his wholesome bulk. He was very red, his vacuous moon face beaded, his big hands bulging over the tops of his new white gloves. Carola had not spoken to him. She had met him just outside the parlor door. He had a sense of sinking or wanting to run away, if the truth must be told, to cry as he had cried in the times of boyish fights. Invariably he lost the fights and somehow felt that he was likewise to lose this.

The minister was speaking. His words fell meaningless upon poor Johnson's ears. Carola was tensely alert. She held her head high and kept her eyes fast upon the door. As the minister began to say, "If any can show cause why these two may not be lawfully joined together, let him speak now or forever hereafter hold his peace," she drew a hard breath.

"I object!" Jack Harrison cried, darting through the door. "The lady is already my wife," he added, thrusting a folded paper into the minister's hand. Aunt Sarah struck it down, crying contemptuously: "You lie! Until today Carola has not been outside her room since I ordered you off the place!"

Jack turned to face her with Carola in his arms, limp enough now and trembling all over. "I came back—once," he said, "while you were away at church. I brought a license and a minister. Remember there is a lightning rod beside the end window of Carola's prison. I climbed it, held her hand—the good man on the ground did the rest. I might have come next day and legally demanded my wife. It was her whim to wait—and spoil your triumph!"

Johnson had been listening like a man in a dream. Slowly his face brightened. With a wildly joyous whoop he gathered Jack and Carola in his arms, hugged them breathless and as he released them cried: "Jack, you always were a good fellow. Suppose you help me to get married anyway. I'll give you \$500 cash if you'll persuade Peggy McMann to have me, right here and now."

"I'll take that job for nothing," Carola said, running to the blushing Peggy. How she managed it nobody understood, but three hours later, just as soon as a messenger had brought a new license from the county town, there was a wedding with no objection—not even from Aunt Sarah—and the bride's name was Peggy.

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